

Excerpts from the Journal of Geynor Ion

I do not claim to understand fully the workings of the Great Church and the Masters of All-Consumption. Their alliance with these foul-smelling brutes is one that surprises me. I had assumed that we were the favored of the Dark Lord. Who are these scaly beastmen to tell us what to do? No matter. Soon we'll leave this accursed town and I won't be cooped up in this flourmill with the creature.

Annihilation take you, Hommlet! I've not enjoyed my brief stay here. The food from the inn brought by Chatrilon was very good, however. Venison cured very nicely. What is that seasoning? Perhaps when we've slain all the people of this place, I can discover the secrets of its preparation. Great will be that day. Praise to the Elder Elemental Eye!

Just as the Doomdreamers proclaimed, the Dark Obelisk is here, under a pool in a cave. We discovered that below the pool was a shaft with a false bottom, sealed for many years. Once penetrated, the pool drained down into a wondrous cave pulsating with the power of our revered Master of Masters. O great day!

Apparently, the water from the stream above was diverted into the shaft, to fill up the pool and hide the cave from unworthy eyes! Truly the Dark God inspired such a wondrous plan, although it surely was carried out only after his unjust imprisonment. Yours shall be the name we proclaim, Dark Lord, once we have breathed new life into your most deserved worship. Once you are free all shall be set right, and those who deserve it most shall meet their cruel, cruel fate. Blessed destruction!

I marvel at the skill of our enlightened predecessors who constructed the Obelisk to honor and commune with the Dark Lord. Those must have been wonderful, heady days in which to live. Under the leadership of Master Thaque, we shall recover the relics of our lost heritage. Praise the Elder Elemental Eye!

Alas! Foul beast! What fate has befallen us? It must be a test sent to us from beyond—we must now go on without the leadership of Master Thaque, may his soul rest with the Dark God in the cold embrace of dissolution now and forevermore. Oh, wicked, cruel fate—I seek not your judgment in the claws of some dragon!

But Gungash is also dead. I hated him—he stole my lunch two days ago, and it was an excellent boiled egg and some of Tash's delicious spicebread. Take his soul, Dark Lord, and crush it beneath your contemptuous heel.

It appears that we are trapped here for a time. Festrath cannot convince the gnolls to attack the beast together—not after what happened two days ago. I think the dragon laughs at us. A grand joke, beast, but one that you'll pay for with your very soul! Now Festrath hides with the Obelisk and the creature. We will continue our work here, but eventually we shall run out of food. Perhaps we shall have to live as the lovely gholls do here. Or perhaps gnoll flesh can be flavored in some way so as to make it palatable.